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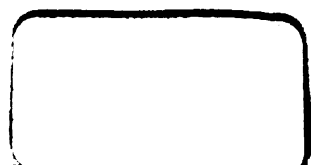
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KNIGHTS
OF THE
GOLDEN
HORSE SHOE



AND
OTHER LAYS
BY
ROBERT
ARMISTEAD
STEWART



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-Stamen

2

KNIGHTS
OF THE
GOLDEN HORSESHOE
AND OTHER LAYS

BY
Robert Armistead Stewart



RICHMOND, VA.
THE EVANS PRESS, Inc.
1909

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TO
MY ALMA MATER
The University of Virginia



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Oct 18/09

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FOREWORD

From that marvellous yet neglected treasure house of romance known as Virginia History, I here present a few incidents in poetic form. If this little volume should inspire other hands to treat this subject in a worthy fashion, it will have won its full reward.

That I have used in jest some of those amiable foibles we share in common, will I trust, not be taken amiss, but charitably received as the utterance of one who, while inordinately proud of our virtues, is not wholly blind to our peccadillos.

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By R. A. Stewart

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For souls enamoured of the storied past,
A subtile alchemy transmutes the world—
The waving reeds seem meads of asphodel;
The fronds bear golden fruit; the river's sheen
Reflects the glory of Elysian fields;
The languid air by wierd enchantment holds
The fragrance of a by-gone hero-world,
And mellowed glamour of an age of gold.

Knights of the Golden Horseshoe and Other Lays

I

THE ADVENTURERS.

All honor to that daring band,
The ministers of Fate,
Who reared amid the wilderness
The cradle of a state.
Who braved the beast within his lair,
The pagan's poisoned dart;
Who suffered hunger-pang and thirst,
With undiscouraged heart.

Who labored like unlettered hinds—
These peerless gentlemen,
Who tramped the forest and the marsh,
The thicket and the fen.
Who breathed within the noisome swamp,
Miasma's fatal breath,
And faced with an unfaltering faith,
The hideousness of death.

Oh, may the echo of their deeds,
The glory of their name,
Beget eternal minstrelry
Upon the harp of Fame!
A paean to the noble band,
Those doughty knights of old,
Of lordly mien and soul serene,
Whose hearts were purest gold.

II

THE KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE.

"To horse! to horse! my gallant men,
Behold your banner flying!
The bugle shrills through wood and glen,
The echoes loud replying;
To horse, heyday!
To horse, away!
To win a fame undying.

"Come, plant the banner of our King,
Above the misty valley;
The dawn is stealing down the gorge;
'Tis not a time to dally;
The dewy prime
Is stirring time.
Up, round the standard rally!"

When Spottswood thundered his command,
It needed no repeating;
With loud acclaim the close-ranked band,
Up hill, and down are fleeting.
O'er wild and waste,
In fevered haste,
The coursers' hoofs are beating.

And merry staves the comrades trolled,
In praise of ripe canary;
And bravoes rang through all the wold,
At mention of some fairy,
So winsome, fair,
And debonair,
So wondrous coy and wary.

The lofty summit first to gain,
Each cavalier desired,
So up the steeps they swept amain,
To emulation fired.
The coursers spent,
With foam besprent,
By demons seemed inspired.

What fairer earthly Paradise,
'Neath fabled climes enchanted,
Than where the Shenandoah lies,
'Mid shores by beauty haunted,—
An Eden blest,
At God's behest,
To western wilds transplanted!

"Now fill your flagons to the brim,
And let no hand be sparing;
Let's pledge, my lads, a rouse to him,
Whose banner we are bearing.
Yon vale we claim,
In George's name,
Our fealty declaring.

"Undubbed by king, yet knights are we,
To sacred trust beholden;
And our insignia shall be,
A tiny horseshoe golden.
'May those who climb,
To heights sublime,
In Honor's arms be folden.'"

III

THE WITCH OF PRINCESS ANNE.

With a doleful moan and a muffled groan,
Dame Hill to her goodman spake,
"My eyes are dim, and wrenched my limb;
My back is like to break."

Old Luke first blinked with half an eye,
And then he fetched a yawn,
"'Tis still," he quoth, "the time for sloth;
The day doth scarcely dawn."

"Now, prithee harken to my tale,"
The beldame then put in,
"Behold the sand ground in each hand;
My soles bereft of skin."

"Belike 'twas three long hours ago;
I heard a ghastly sound;
My heart stood still; my blood grew chill;
I stared in terror round.

"And may I die if I do lie,
Athwart our casement there,
Astride a broom, within this room,
A witch sped through the air.

"And as the moonbeams slanting in
Fell full upon her face;
I'm fain to die if I do lie;
It was our neighbor Grace.

"She posted up to where I lay,
 (You snoring by my side),
No single word I could make heard,
 No matter how I tried.

"She nimbly turned me on my face,
 As I were stark and dead;
She whisped a bit between my teeth;
 A bridle round my head.

" 'Twas you that juggled Master's name,"
 I heard the trollop cry,
And this, old dame, in Master's name,
 You dearly shall aby.

"And then she plumped me on all fours,
 (I durst not disobey);
And with a thwack bestrode my back,
 And hurtled me away.

"She spurred me up and down the beach,
 For many a league it seemed,
And all the while she did revile,
 And horribly blasphemed.

"But as the great red cock did crow,
 I heard her give a screech;
And as he crew around we flew,
 And capered down the beach.

"In haste she pricked me back to bed,
 And flung me as I lie,
Then from the room upon her broom,
 She mounted to the sky."

Old Luke upstarted from the sheets,
 To eye his spouse's plight.
I'm soothly loath to trace the oath,
 He vented at the sight.

"I'll hie me straight to Rolleston,"
With pallid cheek, quoth he,
"Beshrew my life, my darling wife,
Here lurks foul mystery."

He speedily rose and donned his hose,
And eke his other gear,
And to old Justice Moseley's house,
Eftsoon he drew him near.

He roused the Justice from his couch,
To list his help-meet's dole.
The judge was wroth, and pledged his troth,
To scourge the damned soul.

At eight o'clock that selfsame morn,
The witch was frightened sore.
A vengeful rout, with cudgels stout,
Beset her cottage door.

They pressed within; they pried about;
She started back aghast.
She raised a yell and well nigh fell,
But the sheriff griped her fast.

Now crafty Grace of ill repute,
No harridan was she;
But a sumptuous and a buxom quean,
Of pulpy symmetry.

The sheriff clamped her comely arm,
Tho she did rage and rail,
He smote her chin to still her din,
And clapped her safe in gaol.

'Twas on a clammy mid-July,
The clock had just struck ten,
The sheriff fared him to the gaol,
And fetched her forth again.

In courtly state old Moseley sate,
And with him eight beside;
And through the door by tithe and score,
In surged a human tide.

Now quoth the stout arch-magistrate,
"That hellish arts be proved,
Let Grace be led to yonder shed,
Her raiment there removed.

"And let these dozen ancient dames,
Her person well explore,
That they may find some splotch of kind,
Good Christian never bore."

The writhen crones they hobbled out,
To search the culprit Grace.
When they returned the throng discerned,
Each wore a squally face.

"Your Honor," croaked old Liza Barnes,
"Her guilt is clear as day;
She bears a mark uncommonly dark,
But where I dare not say.

"We likewise found two tell-tale moles,
Where moles ought not to be,
And they are foul and swarthier,
Than moles I e'er did see."

Then all the court with one accord,
The jade most guilty found.
The mob about raised a frantic shout,
And stamped upon the ground.

Now up sprang poor Grace Sherwood.
She quaked in every limb,
"Vouchsafe my quest. The witches test,
Will show I cannot swim."

Then spake the Great and Worshipful,
 “So be it as you say;
But should it rain I judge it sane,
 To bide a drier day.”

Anon to fare to Witches’ Duck,
 They fetched her from her cell.
Her right thumb to her left toe bound;
 And left to right, as well.

And souse! they tossed her overboard.
 A press had come to view.
And many a bet that day was set,
 On what the wench would do.

“She swims! she swims! cried all the throng,
 With deafening shout and roar;
For like a cork she bobbed and bounced,
 And drifted towards the shore.

“A witch, good sooth, as Luke has said,
 Of this there rests no doubt.”
They trod upon the reeds and sedge,
 And roughly plucked her out.

They cuffed her, swunged her, thumped and
 mauled
Till she was deathly pale;
’Twas all the constable could do,
 To hale her live is gaol.

How long she lay or what she wrought,
 The records give no hint;
But it appears that in after years,
 She willed her modest stint—

These creature-comforts to her son—
This witch of Princess Anne,—
A mill, a spit, a counterpane,
Six kids and a copper pan.

IV

THE EXECUTION OF HANSFORD.

Ye sons of the Dominion
Whose glory is your pride,
Come hear with awe and swelling heart
How noble Hansford died.
Now list ye how the martyr met
A culprit's death of shame
And how upon the gibbet-tree
He won a deathless name;
For 'mid the host of martyred saints
That deck Virginia's roll,
Ye cannot find a truer man
Or more unspotted soul.

He had hailed the leader Bacon
With warmest fealty;
He deemed this man the chosen one,
By Heaven's high decree
To be the Moses of his land—
To right abuse and wrong—
To give the populace the due
That to them did belong—
To treat as infamous the wretch,
E'en tho' he wore a crown,
Who would trample justice 'neath his feet,
And strike fair Freedom down.

He had marched with Bacon's feeble force
Against the Indian foe;
He lent the vigor of his will
To their great overthrow.
When matters stood in fearful case
The germ of hope he nursed,

E'en when in dire extremity
From hunger and from thirst.
He stirred the soldiers' spirit
As they struggled through the fen;
And when he faced the savage foe,
He proved his manhood then.

Now when the humbled Berkeley fled
Before great Bacon's might;
And slunk away to Accomac,
A fugitive by night;
To hold the fallen capital
While he was on the trail,
As to a man of steadfastness
Whose courage could not fail,
The chieftain left this Hansford
Who late had won renown,
To take in keep the patriot band
And hold the captured town.

He gave him martial dignities
And powers amply large,
That all the district round about
Should be beneath his charge;
And throughout all the countryside
He should levy stalwart men
In case the wily Berkeley sought
To win the town again;
Then Bacon, firmly confident
Of him he left behind,
Set out upon the Indian war
With unperturbed mind.

And boldly Hansford held his post
And honor he did win,
Though vexed by scheming foes without,
By treachery, within;

And when Sir William moved his force
To crush the rebel band;
Yet offered amnesty to those
Who sought it at his hand;
Though death seemed grimly imminent
Should Hansford meet defeat,
He spurned the tyrant's proffered grace
For glorious retreat.

Ye have heard how Bacon and his force
Came hastening back once more;
How an army of twelve hundred men
Was routed by six score;
And how Sir William fled again,
Befriended by the dark,
And gained the safe and trackless sea
Upon his waiting bark,
While Bacon in the vanquished town
Maintained his rebel claims,
And Berkeley's cherished capital
Went up in roaring flames.

Ye have heard how Bacon's fated star
Now blazed upon the sky;
How the gentry pressed to hail him
From the shires far and nigh;
But when all appeared auspicious
For the issue of his plans,
The envious Fates conspired to end
His life's eventful span;
How he who sought to save his land,
Himself he could not save,
And found a secret burial place,
'Neath York's majestic wave.

When stroke of evil fortune
Had ta'en the chief away,

The henchmen of Sir William
Came sailing o'er the bay
Where Hansford with a score of men
Upon the Yorkish coast
In ignorance of Bacon's death,
Held firm his sacred post;
Then, landing stealthily by night,
The minions of the Crown
Bescoured the country round about
And hunted Hansford down.

Proud Beverley was chosen tool
To do this deed of shame;
'Twas Beverley who tarnished thus
The lustre of his fame;
His prey he seized at mid-night
And bound him tight and fast;
He bore him down upon his ship
And lashed him to the mast;
To Accomac he bore him
Within the tyrant's den;
And well the captive hero knew
His doom was written then.

The Loyalists were gathered round
To mock him and to jeer;
No tender hand nor soothing voice
To comfort and to cheer;
Yet 'mid these fell indignities
He stood erect and proud;
No mark of fear was in his eye
Before that hostile crowd;
But on he strode to meet his death
Like true Virginian knight,
Clad in the helmet of the truth,
And breast-plate of the right.

Although he sought the trifling boon,—
To die a soldier's death;
When he perceived his earnest plea
Was but a waste of breath,
He raised to God his humble prayer
To join the sainted band;
And swearing then his loyalty
He blessed his native land.
And then he died. A fearful awe,
Fell on the gazing host
As if the very earth had quaked
As he rendered up his ghost.

Thus died upon the gibbet tree
Virginia's martyred son,
Who through a death of infamy,
Eternal fame has won.
For when on that accursed spot,
He drew his latest breath,
Fair Liberty did there behold
Her proto-martyr's death.
And shame to us and to our race
Who boast our country free,
There rises yet no storied shaft,
To Hansford's memory.

V

THE COMING OF THE MAIDS.

Spread sail! Spread sail!
Haste o'er the deep; fly o'er the blue!
God keep thee from the driving gale,
And keep the lives of thy precious crew.
Spread sail! Spread sail!
Brisk breezes speed thee o'er the purple sea
To notes of mirth and jubilee.
May pilot petrels warn thee in the light,
And guiding orbs direct thy course by night;
And a spirit band,
Despite the lure of the mermen bland,
And the demons that haunt the welkin above,
Preserve the wards of the God of Love.

Haste on! Haste on!
Love calls to thee! Love yearns for thee!
For each lass a lad on the distant shore
Scans the brim of the sullen sea.
Haste o'er! Haste o'er!
Strains his sight through the gathering gloom;
Starts at the blast and the breakers' boom;
Seeks to seize from the seething brine
Shadow of hope or prosperous sign.
And in glistening eyes
A yearning for something that yonder lies—
For flutter of heart and clasp of hand
That will make of the wild elysian land.

Speed on! Speed on!
Our soul are sick! Our hearts are faint!

For fear ye may not come anon.
Speed on! Speed on!
The bond lies with the parish clerk;
The parson stands within the kirk;
The house is decked; the feast is spread;
And ready is the bridal bed.
Alone the bride
Still lacketh to the festive tide.
Yo-ho! prepare our brave array!
A bark drops anchor in the bay.

VI
GOVERNOR NICHOLSON'S WOOING.

Now many a long and weary year
I've spent in barren wooing;
And if thou dost not soon give ear,
'Twill be thy sad undoing.
I waste a wilderness of sighs—
A furnace full of passion,
And now to curb thy willfulness,
I'll find a novel fashion.
Beware, fair Betty Burwell,
Thou saucy Betty Burwell,
For as I live,
I'll not forgive,
Beware, fair Betty Burwell,

Thou dubbest me a libertine—
A trencherman at dinner—
Disposed to gross excess of gin—
A publican and sinner.
Thy kindred will not deign consent,
And deem themselves above me;
Old brawling Blair is malcontent;
Besides thou dost not love me.
Beware, fair Betty Burwell,
Thou waspish Betty Burwell,
For as I live,
I'll not forgive,
Beware, fair Betty Burwell.

If thou dost still disdain my suit,
And fain wouldst choose another,

I'll swing thy father high aloft;
On either hand a brother;
Then shouldst thou try a new rebuff
Inexorably chilly,
I'll fetch the parson by the scruff,
And wed thee willy-nilly.
Beware, fair Betty Burwell,
Thou madcap Betty Burwell,
For as I live,
I'll not forgive,
Beware, fair Betty Burwell.

MATOACA

But thy virtues, Pocahontas,
Ever lustrous—ever vernal,
From the mists and sable shadows
Will preserve thy fame eternal.

Pocahontas, Pocahontas,
Sweet and peaceful be thy
sleeping,
While the faithful breast of
England
Holds thy hallowed dust in
keeping.

VIII

THE SORROWS OF HUMPHREY CHAMBER- LAINE.

There was a swain clept Chamberlaine
Whose annals are but brief;
He'd just sailed o'er from Britain's shore;
Yet came forthwith to grief.
His innocence of wrong prepense
Is 'stablished by his word;
But he ignored and drew his sword
On Colonel William Byrd.

Upon a day of early May
This Humphrey hied to town,
To there succumb to fuddling rum,
And gain a cloven crown.
Upon the green a man of mien
Above the vulgar herd
Did execrate his swagger gait.
(This don was Colonel Byrd.)

In rage he flew; his sword he drew,
And plucked his jerkin off,
To venge this wrong before the throng
On him who dared to scoff.
But Byrd cried out, "You silly lout,
This action is absurd.
I dare not fight so mean a wight,
For I am Colonel Byrd."

"I care no fig; you are a prig,
Whatever else you be.

If not too thick your heart I'll prick,
And that right speedily."
"Such idle prate," Byrd answered straight
"I never yet have heard;
And hence, I trow, to gaol you go,
As I am Colonel Byrd."

And then straightway to stop the fray,
A sheriff on him fell,
And Chamberlaine was dragged amain,
And thrust into a cell,
With broken pate to speculate
Why this abuse occurred,
When he would fain his due maintain
Against this coxcomb Byrd.

His arms were strong; the time seemed long;
The bars were old and frail;
He featly bent th' impediment,
And leaped from out the gaol.
Among the rout he strode about,
By danger undeterred;
And strained his eye that he might spy
This craven Colonel Byrd.

But while he plowed amid the crowd,
The sheriff him espied,
And nabbed his scruff and with a cuff
Abased his martial pride.
"Now this you'll pay, Sir Runaway,"
The officer averred,
"The court will show what bumpkins owe
To Colonel William Byrd."

The judges all within the hall
Made wonder-stricken eyes
To learn that fray upon this day
Should tarnish their assize.

And most of all it did appall,
 (In this they loud concurred),
That such a hind should have in mind
 To skewer Colonel Byrd.

The culprit rose and did depose
 Before the magistrate,
He knew not these esteemed grandees
 Because arrived of late.
And this should be his honest plea,
 He never once had heard
On land or sea of this grandee
 Whose name was Colonel Byrd.

"I here decide," the judge replied,
 "Your plea doth not avail.
You must repair the wear and tear
 Upon our damaged gaol.
Tobacco sound I mulct five pound,
 Despite what you averred;
For all the earth revere the worth
 Of Colonel William Byrd.

IX

THE BURIAL OF THOMAS WALL.

A most pot-valiant gentleman
Was Thomas Wall of Surry.
He kept a tun of choicest rum
To ward off blues and worry.

He lived a sweet-do-nothing life
That scandal styled besotted;
But when he came to drink his last,
His conscience was unspotted.

E'en as he wrote his testament,
He kept elixir handy;
He left no pelf for mourning rings,
But much for beer and brandy.

He willed that at his obsequies,
Lest drought be apprehended,
Tobacco to a thousand pounds
On liquor be expended.

He craved a ghostly ministrant
Of humor droll and sunny,
Whose sermon should expound the jests
That Wall esteemed most funny.

He bade them dance about his grave,
And toast his soul at parting;
He wished no make-shift tears and groans,
No feign of inner smarting.

His "lastly" marked the noblest will,
That ever was probated.
He left his chattels to his wife,
Provided she re-mated.

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He kept a tun of choicest rum
To ward off blues and worry.

He lived a sweet-do-nothing life
That scandal styled besotted;
But when he came to drink his last,
His conscience was unspotted.

E'en as he wrote his testament,
He kept elixir handy;
He left no pelf for mourning rings,
But much for beer and brandy.

He willed that at his obsequies,
Lest drought be apprehended,
Tobacco to a thousand pounds
On liquor be expended.

He craved a ghostly ministrant
Of humor droll and sunny,
Whose sermon should expound the jests
That Wall esteemed most funny.

He bade them dance about his grave,
And toast his soul at parting;
He wished no make-shift tears and groans,
No feign of inner smarting.

His "lastly" marked the noblest will,
That ever was probated.
He left his chattels to his wife,
Provided she re-mated.

X

THE CHILD POCAHONTAS.

Lithe nymph of the woods,
Thou wild woodland flower,
The heart of the bird
Is thy god-given dower.
When the fierce Indian lads
In mimic affray,
Vent forth the war-yell—
The scalp lock display,
And strut and exult
In their gaudy war-paint.
Thou dost shudder and tremble—
Thy soul turneth faint,
Thou wouldst fainer sit by
When the squaws string their beads
And list to the tales
Of thy forefathers' deeds;
And the marvels of Okee,
Who dwells in the sky,
And giveth good spirits
A dwelling on high.
And oftime in summer,
When heavens are blue
Thou dost fancy those prairies
Revealed to thy view,
Where wierd spirit bands,
In remote realms of space
Pursue phantom game
In a ne'er ending chase.
Thy glory, fair princess,
Is nothing to thee,

Thou lovest the woods,
The birds and the sea.
Thou art essence of zephyr,
And light of the star—
The breath of the flower,
The birds' choicest bar.
So rule without fear
They forest domain;
For Okee will shield thee
In sunshine and rain.

XI

THE TOAST OF THE CAVALIERS.

Here's a health to our Charlie, so far o'er the water :
Here's a health to the exile, our king.
Though Britain may fail thee,
And traitors assail thee,
Allegiance unshaken we bring.

CHORUS—Come over the ocean ; come over the ocean ;
Come over the ocean to us,
Though recreants reject thee ;
We'll ever protect thee,
Come over the ocean to us.

Confound the foul crop-heads who slew our proud martyr,
And flooded fair England with gore.
May plagues ever wrack them,
Arch-devils distract them,
May the whelps writhe in hell evermore.

CHORUS—Come over the ocean, etc.

Come, Charlie, our prince ; come over the water ;
Come, rule us here over the blue ;
Virginia can lend thee
Stout arms to defend thee
And hearts that are loyal and true.

CHORUS—Come over the ocean, etc.

XII

THE HYMN OF THE COLONIAL PARSONS.

Devoted parsons all are we,
The priests of Sack and Sherry.
What boots it to be glum and sad,
When wine in plenty may be had?
'Tis written, "Be thou merry."

We mouthe our rites sabbatical,
With consciences elastic;
And such a mimic-godly mien
Can nowhere else on earth be seen
In garb ecclesiastic.

We reck not of Beelzebub,
But fight the fiend with fire;
To put His Majesty to shame,
And stamp a stigma on his name,
We studiously aspire.

On cock or stud we place our bet,
(The stakes we beg or borrow),
We valiantly carouse and play
From fall of night till break of day
Regardless of the morrow.

On Zion's blithe and bonny maids
A guerdon we bestow,
For when they crave millennial bliss,
To seal the dispensative kiss,
Our lips are all aglow.

To Seymour quaff the wassail-bowl,
A brimming cup of sack, O,
For said he not with insight rare !
"Your souls to hell for aught I care;
But, damm ye, raise tobacco."

XIII

THE NEW KING COLE.

In the shire of Westmoreland there dwelt a famous wight,
Erstwhile indented servant of the Reverend Andrew White,
Who made untiring efforts his neighbors to cajole,
Because he bore the coat-of-arms and royal name of Cole.

He pursed a tainted competence by way of merchandise;
And drove a thrifty huckstering in blasphemy and lies;
And that he might be trumpeted as landed man of mark,
He built himself a manor and dubbed it Salisbury Park.

He had a neighbor Harwich and another christened Hutt;
The first he styled a 'beggar' and the other one a 'put';
And anent the worthy forbear of our sacred Washington,
And old "ass-negro-driver" was the epithet he won,

"And," quoth Cole, "I have a brother in the parts beyond
the sea,
Who will come and kick old Berkeley just where he ought
to be;
And then my honest relative, as a councilor at least;
Will vouchsafe me legal warrant to be a knave and beast.

"This Berkeley is the crassest loon that ever did exist,
Not even worth the honor of a buffet from my fist,
He is but a scurvy craven and as sorry as a shrimp
Beside a Knight of Malta, who once served me as an imp."

Although this crusty cynic exhaled such sulphurous breath,
He came at last to die a-bed a wholly natural death.
And on his marble head-stone from age and reverence
green,
His coupled arms and epitaph to this day may be seen:

**"Here lies Dick Cole, a grievous Sinner
That died a Little before Dinner,
Yet hopes in Heaven to find a place
To Satisfy his Soul with Grace."**

XIV

THE UNEQUAL TRADE.

The rubicond laird of the manor of—æ
Was ensconced in the Williamsburg tavern;
He had tossed off such magnum of liquor, I trow,
As would glut a voluminous cavern.
Like the best of his kidney, champagne he had swallowed;
And usquebaugh, rum, shrub, canary, and cider had fol-
lowed,
Red wine and white wine, cherry punch and what not,
Till his feet were stone cold and his vitals red hot.
Though he'd tippled and tippled till well nigh to burst,
His palate still parched with unquenchable thirst.
He alarumed and stormed and volleyed for more,
Till the tankards up vaulted and bounced on the floor
But the tapster still wore the same stolid expression,
Indisposed to allow the slimmest concession,
For he counted it part of his honest profession,
That customers swallow no whit but their spleen,
When their passions waxed rife and their wallets waxed
lean.
Now Wetherburn was this rumscallion's name,
Who kept the good Raleigh still lauded by Fame,
Nor need his profession the least to disgust us,
As sanctified by the progenitor Custis,
And others whose names are now fabled in story
For triumphs of peace and on battlefield gory.
I'd cite several sires whose business was lowly
In the days when learning and culture waxed slowly,
But I'd raise such a sinister buzz 'round my ears
As would not be abated for years and for years.

* * * * *

If you want to keep peace with a native Virginian,
 You must hold to the faith of the Ancient Dominion;
 You must swear that the nobles in swarms and in droves
 Forsook their ancestral castles and groves,
 And collecting their crests and all portable goods,
 Rose up, trussed their loins and took to the woods,
 Much rather preferring primeval simplicity
 To the plaudits of liegemen and irksome publicity;
 And when from the broad, tawny Thames they set sail,
 Instead of a steerage of Harrys and Dicks,
 They took for their ballast a cargo of bricks;
 And fare where you may through the length of the land,
 From the Albemarle hills to the Chesapeake strand,
 You will hear the refrain of euphonious lilt,
 "Our mansion of bricks brought from Britain was built,"
 Though you point out the hole still tell-tale and miry,
 And the brick making notes in their ancestor's diary.
 And now for a shock to some frail constitution,
 As I give an impact to a great institution
 That holds such a lot of blue blood in solution—
 The Chips of the Crown or the Sons of the King,
 The Runnymede Barons and that sort of thing.
 A troublesome wight, with a turn mathematic,
 Can state and establish in manner emphatic,
 That nigh every Briton, regardless of state,
 Is a certain descendant of Alfred the Great.
 Now would-be Patricians, for goodness sake, why
 Are you willing to root in so vulgar a sty?
 And I'm sure you will say I'm shockingly naughty,
 When I state that, albeit your name be quite haughty,
 Unless you've good papers to prove your contention,
 You're as flaring a knave as the Terrible Turk,
 And ghoulishly guilty of what I won't mention,
 If you filch a name-sakes' coat-armour from Burke.
 For kindly recall, black slaves prone to mimic,
 Used to calmly adopt their 'Mars' patronymic;
 In England just so, the serfs o'er and o'er

Would assume noble names that their overlords bore.
So then if you'd see Ananias look solemn,
Just prate of the jokes in the Heraldry Column.

A brace of sleek lords, score of knights, demi-gentry,
Younger sons and a deal of the best squirearchy,
Into which a strain of the yeoman found entry—
This makes the blue blood of the old oligarchy.
But I fear that to some it's a trifle unpleasant
To learn they're amalgam of gentle and peasant.
But, mark ye, I speak sober truth to the letter,
More than half of the peerage are not a whit better.
If you take all their forbears a cycle or two,
You will find that their blood is but tinctured with blue;
You will find a limbo of Scroggins and Tanners,
As well as the glory of Beauchamp and Manners,
I trust, gentle critic, to thus reimburse us
For the gold viewed as dross in this arrant excursus.

* * * * *

But back to our muttons:— Our hero still tarried
And the host of the Raleigh persistently harried,
When in came a noted reflection of glory—
One Jefferson, Thomas' paternal relation,
And grandsire of our sublime Declaration,
But not yet attained to that eminent station.
This blade, in despite of the laird's fearful rumpus,
Just as if he thought him a person *non compos*,
Marched straight to the landlord and jingled a shilling,
With a glance at the other decidedly chilling;
And ordered with the most perfect composure,
A drink that had all the smack of ambrosia.
The laird quite alert at the startling disclosure
That shillings were loose in another man's pocket,
Began to exclaim with the gush of a rocket,
"My dander is up, but my powers are down,
And I'd take me a drink by force if I durst;
Now, Peter, dear Peter, but lend me a crown,

To buy wherewithal to diminish my thirst.
If you lend me a crown or a shilling at least,
I solemnly swear by the book of the priest,
I'll promptly requite you, fitch of bacon to boot,
A fighting cock, pig, or my second best flute."
But Jeff merely leered from the tail of his eye,
While his nose took a turn, top-tilted and wry,
"What you babble," quoth he, "is all well and good,
But I've an eye to a strip of that nice Goochland wood.
Now I'll furnish to you the coveted gold
For all punch that your paunch can possibly hold,
If you'll deed o'er to me in technical manner
The land that lies next to Jehosaphat Tanner."
And the other constrained by the force of his need,
First swore he'd be damned—and then he agreed.
Just then in that tavern a bandy-legged notary,
Esteemed the Raleigh's best confirmed votary,
Standing greatly awe of Plutonian vapors,
Was civilly coaxed to draw up the papers
And to this most obliging limb of the law,
The laird thus set forth with a "hem" and a "haw,"
"If one bowl of Arrack punch of most powerful brew
Is delivered at once in my here present view,
On receipt thereof I acknowledge and grant
To Peter, my well-beloved relation,
To his heirs and assigns, without molestation,
A tract or parcel of two hundred acres
Untouched by the plowmen, the hoers or rakers,
And to be proof-positive as to the day,
It haps, I avouch, on the eighteenth of May,
Anno Domini seventeen, thirty and six,
And herewith my sigil and name I affix."
This deed happy Peter transferred to his pocket,
As his eye roamed gloatingly 'round in its socket.
His bliss he scarcely essayed to conceal,
As he chuckled and chuckled and turned on his heel,
First slipping a word in old Wetherburn's ear,

To prepare with all bustle the bargained-for cheer.
And the gouty old laird wore a bibulous grin
At the wonderful bargain he'd just entered in
With the bowl set simmering there right before him,
He could scarcely preserve a proper decorum;
And he drank like the steed in the Munchausen fable
Till he slid like a gentleman under the table.

We're told in the Scriptures of Jacob and Esau,
That the latter when famished would give no peace or
Repose to his brother till the former agreed
A birthright to take from him and his seed,
In exchange for a succulent mess adipose
That seduced the olfactories all through his nose;
But whoever heard of a brain so unsound
As to take a piece of insoluble ground—
A thing you can't nibble or swallow or munch—
In exchange for a bowl of hot Arrack Punch.

XV

VIRGINIA.

Unsullied name! Thou glory-dowered State,
Whose deeds will stir some lyre yet unstrung,
And shape the theme of some immortal tongue,
Thou hast not touched the day-brink of thy fate!
So dally not, nor be resigned to wait.
Forget that venom'd barbs thy breast have stung;
Forget the thorn amid thy laurels sprung;
And claim thine own before it be too late.
Recall the heritage to thee decreed—
Those towering figures in the hall of Fame,
Renowned through lofty thought and fearless deed;
Repeat the glories that adorn thy name,
And kindling bright thy flickering altar-flame,
Proclaim world-wide that thou wert born to lead

APPENDIX

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APPENDIX

THE WITCH OF PRINCESS ANNE.

The case of Grace Sherwood furnishes the sole instance of a formal trial on a charge of witchcraft in the Colony of Virginia, in sharp contrast with the atrocities practiced in Massachusetts and in rural England at the same period. It speaks eloquently against the arguments of certain prejudiced historians with regard to the state of culture in early Virginia. In fact, it is likely that there existed in Virginia in the seventeenth century more volumes of genuine literature than there did in Massachusetts. In works of theology the Northern colony could, of course, claim the advantage.

Grace Sherwood was the daughter of John White (Whitt), carpenter, of Lower Norfolk County, who died in 1680, and left various legacies to his daughter, his son-in-law, and his grandson. The first record of Grace's troubles is a charge of defamation brought by her and her husband against one Richard Capps. In 1698 James Sherwood and Grace, his wife, brought suit against Jos. Gishburne and Jane, his wife, in an action for slander, setting forth that the latter charged that she (Grace) was a witch and bewitched "their piggs to Death and bewitched their Cotton," and the plaintiffs prayed a judgment for 100 pounds sterling. Later the Sherwoods brought suit against Anthony Barnes and Elizabeth, his wife, for slander, on the ground that the said Elizabeth had maliciously charged that the said Grace "had come to her one night and rid her and went out of the key hole like a black Catt." Damages of 100 pounds sterling were asked, to which the defendants pleaded not guilty.

Grace next appears as petitioning the court for a commission of administration for the estate of her husband who died intestate (1701). In 1705 she brought suit against Luke Hill and wife for assault and battery, estimating the damage at 50 pounds sterling. On the 7th of March it appears that a charge of witchcraft was brought against her, and a jury of women, having searched her person, found "two things like * * * with Severall other Spotts." In May, 1706, the constable and the sheriff were delegated to search Grace's house and all suspicious places for "images and such like things as would strengthen the suspicion." At a court on the 5th of July, 1706, it was ordered that Grace, by her own consent, be tried in the water by ducking, but "ye weather being very Rainy and Bad, Soe that possibly it might endanger her health," it was further ordered that Grace be brought to court the following Wednesday. The court on that day adjourned, it is presumed, to witness the ceremony of ducking at a place still known as 'Witches' Duck.' Here the trial was unfavorable to Grace, for she swam, when, according to the belief of the time, an innocent person would have gone to the bottom. To make doubly sure of her guilt a jury of ancient women again searched the culprit, and discovered "two things like * * * of a black Coller being blacker than the rest of her body." The judges then ordered the sheriff to take Grace into custody and commit her body to the common gaol. As to any further procedure the record is silent, but it is certain that she was soon set at liberty. Twenty-four years later she made her last will and testament, with her son as executor.

EXECUTION OF HANSFORD.

Thomas Hansford, described by Sir William Berkeley as "one Hansford, a valiant stout man, and a most resolved rebel," was executed November 13, 1676.

COMING OF THE MAIDS.

In 1619 a fleet brought more than 1,200 persons to Virginia, among whom were ninety women of good character, who were disposed of as wives to the settlers at the rate of 120 pounds of tobacco each. Later, wives were much more costly.

GOVERNOR NICHOLSON'S WOOING.

Colonel Nicholson, who succeeded Sir Edmund Andros as Governor of Virginia in 1698, became passionately enamoured of a daughter of Lewis Burwell, Jr., and failing to win her favor or that of her parent, made a fruitless threat to hang the father and her two brothers in revenge. This incident, together with a long controversy with Commissary Blair, resulted in the recall of Nicholson in 1705.

MATOACA.

Tradition says that Pocahontas was deeply infatuated with Captain John Smith, and would never have married Rolfe had not the latter deceived her by a false report of Smith's death.

SORROWS OF HUMPHREY CHAMBERLAINE.

About 1685 Humphrey Chamberlaine, of Henrico County, suffered the experience set forth in the poem. The court declared that "no stranger, especially an English gentleman, could be insensible of ye respect and reverence due to so honorable a person as Colonel Wm. Byrd." The

only point in which I have departed from historical fact is in representing Chamberlaine as a boor instead of a man of good birth, as he really was.

BURIAL OF THOMAS WALL.

Thomas Wall, of the poem, is a composite of several characters. The historical Thomas Wall, of Surry, about 1650, instructed his executors to fire over his grave "three volleys of shot for the entertainment of those who came to bury him." In 1673, at the burial of John Grove, of Surry, a planter of moderate means, the cost of the liquors amounted to as much as 1,000 pounds of tobacco. See "Bruce's Social Life of Virginia" for funeral customs in the colony during the seventeenth century.

TOAST OF THE CAVALIERS.

This poem is a suggestion of the intense loyalty of the colony to the House of Stuart. It is recorded that the exiled son of Charles the First was invited to come over to Virginia and rule a loyal kingdom there. For Virginia's fidelity to the throne her arms were quartered with those of the United Kingdom. *En dat Virginia quartam.*

HYMN OF THE COLONIAL PARSONS.

It is my conviction that but a minor portion of the Colonial clergy might be guilty of the sentiments of the "Hymn"; that a body of cock-fighting, horse-racing parsons did exist is a melancholy fact.

THE UNEQUAL TRADE.

A deed is recorded wherein it appears that a Randolph, of Tuckahoe, deeded to Peter Jefferson, father of the immortal Thomas, a tract of land in Goochland county in consideration of a bowl of Arrack Punch. The details are purely fanciful.

FINIS.

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